PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXII OCTOBER, 1923 No. 5

Publication office, Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

AT SUNRISE

LORD, give me sense to see the way
Thy wisdom bids me go,
And I will try my honest best,
Nor faltering be, nor slow!

Lord, tune my soul to courage high,
Above all selfish fear,
And I will tell some fainting one
Thy secret of good cheer!

Lord, let my heart with love abound,
And I Thy love will share;
So truth, and faith, and friendliness
May make each task a prayer!

THE SPARROW'S FALL

"The sparrow does not fall to the ground without your Father," said Jesus.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," said the older Bible.

"THE sparrow does not fall to the ground without your Father," said Jesus. But the sparrow *does* fall!

The truth is, there are sparrows falling all the time, and human sparrows among them. And not only does Nature seem indifferent, but often she flings into them exaggeration of pain. The bird's unheeded chirp of pain is but one note in a great chorus of sadness. Let us face the fullness of the tragedy; Nature will be honest, if we are not. So let us face the tragedy.

As, in this day of telegraphs, we *have* to! Today we watch, we listen, through all lands. Now it is a mine on fire, and now a railroad accident. Now the cry rises from a wreck on a rock-bound coast, and two hundred men and women are swept out like a patch of seaweed on the waves; and now it comes from the two ships that blindly meet at night to doom each other in mid-ocean. Now it is an earthquake, and then a tidal wave, and then a river-flood. It is on the small home-scale: our neighbor's boy is drowned, or his little child comes into life with a twisted back or poisoned blood. Or a woman suddenly dies, and who can show the father it is "goodness" that his boys and girls should grow up unmothered through the shaping years of childhood? Or the father kisses the children, hurries to his morning work, and is brought back at noon a bleeding crush,—he has fallen from the scaffold with his bricks; and from that noon the wife begins a grim and lifelong fight for food. Wars ruin civilizations that have taken centuries to ripen. Nations wane and drop like brown leaves from history with hardly a trace of service left behind.

Yet you and I do not in the bottom of our hearts doubt that the Father *is* in each and every fall! How comes such overmastering faith in goodness? With these spectacles of tragedy multiplied and magnified over so many acres of the earth and water, how is it that Jesus could have said those words, and that our hearts echo them with our "One fall only is impossible—to fall *out of* the hands of the loving God"? Whence comes our faith? Are there reasons for the faith? If there be, and if they grow familiar to our minds in quiet hours like this, they may help us in hours of strain and shudder.

The first is this: The sparrow flutters in the grass, but its pangs cannot hide the fact that the grass around it is beautiful and royally arrayed; cannot dim the wonder of that resurrection miracle which stirs the bare brown fields each spring with its green multitudes; cannot make one blind and deaf to the busy life of bee and ant and cricket that is filling it with music; cannot make one overlook the other sparrows twittering happy chatter on the fence, or the home swinging in the tree-bough overhead, where the all-pervading Life incarnates itself in the loves and trusts and dignities and duties of a bird-mother and her brood. It *is* a tragedy, but so many things that watch it between the clover

and the stars seem to tell of ordered beauty and of peaceful ways. Look *up!* Unhasting, unresting, the worlds above tread evenly their paths around the heavens, till wild men think them gods, so bright, so sure, so tireless is their pace. Look *in!* Are not we who look and listen wonderfully made? Can we forget the last night's quiet sleeping? The force within that drew the breath and swelled the punctual blood-tides twice a minute through every little inlet of our body, all unconsciously to us? And look *around!* Are not the children glad, the aged peaceful, and men and women in their prime exultant in their power to work? The sparrow falls, the vessel strikes, the train crashes, the mother dies—but there is order, beauty, blessing, joy, all around them; and at any given place or given moment of the tragedy, I think that, looking, we can usually see a thousand facts of order and of happiness to the one which startles us as blur and evil.

And this makes one reason why I cannot help the thought that goodness may be even in that exception, the Father even in the sparrow's fall. *May be*—that is all that this thought gives. But if, in the quiet, before our turn for sorrow comes, this fact of order, beauty, joy as the background and environment of suffering becomes familiar to our minds, perhaps *in* the sad moment our eyes will not forget it nor the heart deny it. The thought may stand by, like a silent friend, and steady us.

But now to face directly that "exception" —the sparrow fluttering in the grass. Can deeper looking at it help to turn this *may-be* goodness into certainty? A second reason for our trust is this: As knowledge grows, what looks so like exception and disorder in the world more and more reveals itself to man as *order-in-the-making.* In the main these tragedies are caused by Nature's forces holding their calm way across the ignorance and helplessness of living creatures.

Fixed law alone makes man's knowledge and man's freedom possible. As for his knowledge—how could knowledge be, if past experience did not guarantee the future? It is because Nature never wavers like a weak mother, that experience *tells*—drives us on to knowledge first, and then to loyalty, and thus to Nature's benedictions, and teaches us at last to trust her end holds blessing when we cannot yet discern it. If, through pity, the train this time did not rush on; if the flames refused to burn this martyr; if for once the storm did not suck down the ship, because its cabins carried grace and goodness; if the fever did not strike, because its victim would be the self-forgetting one who had drawn near to save us in our fever; if war did not make orphans and lay low the nation's fair young strength; to say all in a word, if prayer were heard as we foolish ones would often like ro have it heard, and the sovereign forces ever turned traitor to themselves in would-be goodness to us, then Nature would be *cruel to us* as well as traitor to herself. Only because her iron is always iron and steam always steam, do we learn how to harness the iron and steam together and add their strength to our weak arms of flesh. Only because the winds will never fall asleep at man's petition, do we learn to predict the storm and signal sailors across the continent when to dare the sea. Only because the disease will never spare us as long as it can feed on us, do we learn to outwit it, and, taking thought therefrom, to add years to the average human life. If war could be war without its battle-fields, or intemperance could be intemperance without its victims, how should we learn to lay aside our enmities and lusts and own the higher reason, and come at last to practice the Beatitudes?

But we ask for more than this. We fain would know that that sparrow in the grass, that life-long victim of the inborn scrofula, those children orphaned by the accident, that widow whose support is gone, that little child turned beggar by a father's drink—that these are not simply suffering vicariously for the good of others, but that Love is over and around them while they suffer. And when our own turn comes, I think we long for something closer than this far thought to keep our faith in goodness bright and warm while saying it. "Right?" O, yes. "And necessary?" Yes; but in this right and necessary fall of mine could I but feel—could I but *feel* that "the Everlasting Arms are underneath!"

Here, then, is the third reason for our faith. How can we fancy those old Bible words are true? Because of human arms, the arms of tender men and women, that are around me as I suffer. *Where did that tenderness of theirs originate?* Where but in Mother Nature, whose offspring these men and women are? "Whatever is in them was first in it." Because, in the order of Nature, you pity me, love me, give yourself to pain for me; because you long unspeakably to comfort me; because the sudden tragedy makes the whole village blossom into self-forgetting friendliness; because the sufferers themselves are often eager to add pain to pain in martyrdoms of love; and because such tenderness more surely streams forth and more widely circles as the race improves—therefore it is that we believe in Love at the heart of all the Law. Good men and women are embodied arguments that God is good. To comprehend the One-in-All whom we try to think of as the central Lover, passes power; but of the central Love can we doubt, when it is radiant in so many faces, stretches to us in so many hands, runs to help us in so many feet, softens in so many tones?

Bad men often prosper in their evil plans and good men fail in their good plans, yet increasingly

we expect the bad to be overtaken and overthrown; expect the moral law to vindicate its majesty, if not in men's obedience then by their doom; expect goodness to triumph in centuries if not in years, and always in the end. It shows how deep in man this faith in right and goodness is; and how, though I am giving reasons towards the faith, the faith is really deeper than all reasons.

Than all, at least, except perhaps the last, which now I add. Subtler this than any; closer to the inmost consciousness; in truth, less a "reason" for the faith than the method of the faith. It is a simple fact that faith in Nature's goodness grows in proportion as we are good ourselves. Be dutiful,—the Whole seems dutyfull! Yes, that is simple fact, explain it how we may: be tender, loving, brotherly, and all things seem full of love—so full that we as little doubt a Father in the agony as in the joy. Wonderful the benediction and the triumph of such trust!

Jesus' word for such faith was, "The sparrow does not fall without your Father." Paul put it, "Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, yet not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed! *Nothing* can separate us from the love of God!"

With full hearts we join with Jesus, join with Paul, and all the glorious company of trusters, in the song of praise. The sparrow falls—but never falls without the Father. The Everlasting Arms are underneath!—*W. C. Gannett.*

FIGHTING FIRE ON THE RAILWAYS

With thousands of lives and untold millions of dollars depending upon the keeping open of the great transcontinental arteries of travel and commerce, western railways maintain fully equipped fire-departments to guard against destruction of their snowsheds over the mountains.

One road alone keeps four trains with steam up, ready for instant action at any hour of the day or night. Every device known to science is used to protect its 7,000 miles of track. Located at strategic points, these railway firefighters keep ceaseless vigil over the lives and property entrusted to their care.

From vantage points in high towers, men with telescopes, field glasses, charts, and other scientific aids, scan the surrounding wilderness for the first gray puff of smoke which may herald disaster. One such tower is located on a mountain 7,860 feet above the sea level. From its windows are visible scores of miles of twisting rails protected by the snowsheds.

When the surrounding forest timber becomes dry the danger is greatest. Fires so small that at the beginning they seem mere puffs of smoke, spread with lightning-like rapidity until miles of territory are covered by a roaring sea of flames that devours everything in its path.

In fighting such a fire, water is often not to be found and so is carried in great 25,000-gallon tanks on the trains, which can be made ready to answer an alarm in three minutes. Besides the trains, fire tugs are used to guard the terminals and their contents. Hose is carried on switch engines which are provided with water sprinklers.

This road has fire chiefs, fire brigades, and fire companies. Its equipment includes a fire boat on San Francisco Bay, and several trains. In addition, fire hazards are reduced by burning the old lumber from shed repairs, brush, and other rubbish during the winter months when fire will not spread. Every nook and corner inside the sheds is combed for every unnecessary inflammable article and when found it is destroyed or disposed of.

With watchmen located in the sheds only, as was at one time the case, threatening forest fires could obtain considerable headway in the fireshed district before discovered. Consequently search was made for a point which would give a bird's-eye view of the snowshed district. This point was found on the top of Red Mountain. Here a stone observatory was located, four miles from Cisco, Utah, and from this point watchmen, during the season of fire danger, keep a 24-hour vigil with telescope and charts, supplemented by field glasses.

The watchman's telescope is located in a bay window and has a range of 180 degrees, or a half circle. To the telescope is fastened a pointer which travels over a circular chart placed in the front of the telescope. On this chart are located the milepost stations and other well-established points in their relation to the sheds.

When the watchman discovers smoke or sees a fire, he looks through his telescope and if the fire is above or below the sheds, and even if the fire is not in the sheds, if it is anywhere in their vicinity, men are sent to investigate and prevent the flames from approaching nearer to the railroad property.—*Popular Mechanics.*

At the movies an old couple sat through a picture that included a cattle "round-up" in which the dust rose in clouds from the parched ground. The old lady began to cough, and her husband nudged her. "Don't cough, Annie! Can't you see you're disturbing the other folks?" His wife looked at him apologetically over her handkerchief, smothering a spasm. "I can't help it, Ephraim. Dust always tickles my throat!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The first duty of the citizen is to regard himself as made for his country; not to regard his country as made for him.—*John A. Andrew.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

NOTICE TO BRANCH CHAIRMEN

The first meeting for the season of 1923–24 will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Friday, October 5, at 10.30 A.M.

REQUESTS

1. I am a boy nine years old. As I have no brothers I sometimes get very lonesome. I would appreciate any kind of good story books. Herman Thomas, Elamsville, Va., R. F. D. 1, Box 12.

2. We have a very large family, and it is hard to make a living and keep them in school, so we don't have anything to pay for reading matter. We will be so glad to get books and magazines, and I would also like to have quilt-pieces, and anything to amuse the children. Their names and ages are following: Hazel, aged 12; Charlie, 11; Georgia, 9; Beulah, 7; Myrtle, 3, and Tyler, 9 months. Hoping to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* members, I would also like to correspond with other mothers. (Mrs.) W. R. May, Lansing, N. C. Reference, Rev. M. C. Powers, Lansing, N. C.

3. I am a lonely widow. My husband died last October. He was 78 years old. I am 73 years old. I would love to have someone send me some reading matter. I would appreciate it so much, and would certainly love to get quilt-pieces of any kind, and knitting yarn if I am not asking too much. It would help to pass the hours away. I am very fond of piecing quilts. My pastor's name is Rev. Cain Lackey, Elamsville, Va., but my present address is Vinton, Va. (Mrs.) Frank Taylor. I assure you anything you send will be appreciated.

4. I have been married three years and six months, and have two little boys, one 2 years and the other 10 months old. Get very lonely, as my husband works away from home, and we have to stay at home by ourselves. I would be very glad if you would send me some friends to write to, as I enjoy good letters and reading. We are poor people, and I am in poor health; not able to do anything much. Hurt my back and haven't got over it. (Mrs.) B. C. Lewis, Duncan, Oklahoma, Box 772.

5. Would appreciate ginghams, calico and silk patchwork pieces, also cards and reading. I wish to thank those who have sent. (Mrs.) H. A. Thompson, Farmville, Cumberland Co., Va., R. 5, Box 17.

6. I am a woman of twenty-four, living far from any church or railroad. Father died April 3, 1917. Just only left Mother, myself, and one brother at home. Will you send me something

in embroidery threads, reading books, or quilt-scraps? Anything of the kind would be especially welcome. (Miss) Bunyan Danniel, Bassett, Va., R. 2.

7. I am writing to you for books or magazines—anything to read—or scraps for quilts. I have been sick since January, with a prospect of being an invalid indefinitely. Have leakage of the heart. As I have always led a very active life it is doubly hard to be compelled now to sit still all the time. Any kind of reading would be acceptable. I can never thank you enough for the reading you have sent my family in the last twenty years. The *Cheerful Letter* friends have been a great blessing to us up here in the woods. (Mrs.) Cora L. Harrington, Swatara, Minn.

8. Would I be asking too much of the *Cheerful Letter* friends to ask for scraps and comic papers? I should like to remember the poor children of the neighborhood at Christmas, but I have no materials to make presents. I am very fond of sewing and making little presents and quilts. I intend to attend school away from home this term and would like them before the school opens, as it always means lots of work in school. (Miss) Fay Teeples, Bridger, Mont.

9. Mrs. S. S. Carlton, Boomer, N. C., will be very glad to receive *The Delineator* and other magazines, also books and scraps of any material for fancy work and patchwork.

10. I am a young housewife. My husband has been sick for over a year. He had two very serious operations and was confined to bed about six months. He has got so now he can do a little light work, but is not well. I want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for some quilt-scraps of any kind or some books, or anything that will help to brighten my hours of trouble. I give for reference, Rev. Ralph Yow, Elamsville, Va. I would be glad for a copy of the *Cheerful Letter*. (Mrs.) Walter Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

11. My husband is at work about thirty miles from home, so I have to stay night and day by myself. I get lonely. I would appreciate some quilt-pieces. We are renters, and rents are so high we have nothing to buy material for quilts; and the boll weevils are so bad here we won't make much cotton. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for what they have sent me in the past. Girtha Tyson, Polkton, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

12. *Ruth Fielding at the Red Mill* is asked for by Miss Hazel Anderson, Dickens, Neb.

13. Mrs. Eula Cogburn, Leo, Cook Co., Texas, asks for good reading and quilt-scraps.

14. Mrs. George Bryant, Dodson, Va., would like a Bible with large print, and reading for children, ages ten to sixteen years.

15. Mrs. Bessie Hartsog is grateful for what has been sent her, and still will be thankful for light reading and scraps. Address, Apple Grove, N. C.

16. Mrs. Callie Eldereth, Apple Grove, N. C., asks for pictures for her children—four girls from one year to fourteen.

17. Miss Addie Kingsley, Copeland, Ark., a young woman twenty years of age, living forty-five miles from the railway, would like to receive reading matter—books or magazines—and also scraps or embroidery materials of any kind.

18. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, N. C., R. 1, wishes to be remembered during the winter, and especially asks for a Bible History and the *Modern Priscilla*.

19. Mrs. J. P. Puett, Lenoir, N. C., an elderly woman living alone, writes: "Please send me some reading."

20. Mrs. Martin McCullough, Sinclairville, N. Y., R. F. D. 39, Box 60, is crippled with rheumatism and not able to get out; living on a farm, she wishes to read: *The Silent Watchers*, *My Year of the Great War*, *My Story of the Hidden Room*, *Sunshine and Roses*, and *The Pony Express*, which she will return to anyone that will loan them.

HOW ULYSSES WENT HOME

(Concluded from the September number)

Before long the voyagers met still another peril, at an island ruled by a beautiful witch named Circe (*Sir'see*). In the woods around Circe's palace lions and tigers and wolves were wandering, not fierce, like wild animals, but queerly tame. In a pen were big fat pigs, with a strange look in their eyes. Fortunately for Ulysses, he met in the palace grounds a friendly spirit who explained that all those animals were really men—other sailors whom wicked Circe had feasted in her magic palace and then turned into beasts. He gave Ulysses a sprig from a certain secret plant that would keep him safe from the evil charm. Circe tried her best to turn Ulysses also into a pig and to keep him and the other Greeks forever to live upon acorns and to grunt in homesick misery, but he was too sharp for her. He stood out successfully against her magic arts, and even compelled her to undo the old charms, turning all the animals back into human shape.

Away from Circe's island sailed the Greeks once more, and passed the shore where the Sirens dwelt. Those were water-nymphs who looked like lovely girls and sang in marvelously sweet voices—so sweet that every sailor who came within hearing of their fascinating songs was sure to throw himself into the sea to drown. Here, by good fortune, Ulysses had been forewarned of the danger. He made the sailors fill their ears with wax so they could not hear the too-charming music. For himself, he ordered the men to tie him firmly to the ship's tall mast, so firmly that he could not move, however hard he might try; and he gave strict orders that (no matter how he might command or entreat) nobody was to untie him until after they were out of sight of the island.

By this means they all sailed safely past the perilous shores of the singing Sirens.

On and on the Greeks went sailing, and the winds carried them into a narrow passage between two rocky shores, and there they had the most wildly exciting time. At one side of the narrow waterway there was a whirlpool called Charybdis (*Ka-rib′ dis*); the waters went swirling around and around, drawing everything within their reach down, down, down toward the bottom of the sea. When the voyagers saw this danger and steered nearer to the opposite shore, something even more terrible happened. A queer monster with six heads, each on a very long, ugly, snake-like neck, lived in a cave on that shore. Ulysses had been told about Scylla (*Sil′ la*)—that was the monster's name—and he thought he was keeping the ship out of her reach, but, alas! in the effort to steer clear of the deadly whirlpool he steered just a bit too near the cave. The monster heard the splashing of the water against the boat. Out popped six horrid, hungry heads with sharp teeth. Each pair of jaws snatched a sailor off the ship's deck and pulled him into the cave! There was no help for it. All that Ulysses could do was to hurry on before any more of his men should be seized!

This part of the story has been told so many times that people have specially remembered it; and to this very day, when anyone has to avoid two big dangers at the same time we say he has to "steer between Scylla and Charybdis."

All the shores that the Greek sailors saw were those of strange lands and they knew not which way to turn towards Greece; yet they had to make a landing once in a while to get food supplies and drinking water. Once they made the serious mistake of killing some cattle in an island pasture for the sake of the meat. Those particular cattle were pets of the god of the Sun and their master was furiously angry. He darkened the sky with black clouds over the departing vessel; he sent thunder and lightning to tear the craft to pieces. Of all the men on board only Ulysses himself escaped alive from the fury of the tempest. He did manage to keep afloat on some splintered timbers of the ship, and, when the storm had passed, the waves bore him to a fair green coast a long way from the island of the sacred cattle. There Ulysses, quite worn out by battling with the hurricane, lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep.

This new landing was in the country of a kind and friendly people with a wise king. The king had one daughter, and it chanced that on that very day the princess had come down to the shore to superintend the washing of a whole wagonload of the royal linen—clothes and bed-linen and all the rest. The girls who did the work soon finished their task. Quantities of clean white things were spread out on the grass and the bushes to dry in the sunshine; then they had great fun going into the water themselves for a bath, and for a final frolic they began to play ball. The sound of their shouting and laughing awoke the shipwrecked Ulysses.

The princess and the other maidens were astonished at the sight of the stranger, but this daughter of a king had been taught to be brave and kind. She gave the ragged stranger clothing from the fresh-washed heaps of garments, and invited him to tell his story to the king.

When Ulysses reached the town and entered the ruler's palace he realized that he was fortunate in meeting people of real nobility and dignity. If he had not been already married, with a beautiful wife awaiting his return, he would have thought himself most fortunate to wed the lovely princess who had played ball beside the sea-beach. He might have done that, and—in time—have become the king of the country. But he wanted most of all to see his own land and his own wife; he told the host about his adventures and then said farewell. The king made him a present of a new ship; the neighboring chiefs gave him every sort of thing needful for his further voyage. And, starting once more with favoring skies, Ulysses did at last find the way to Ithaca (*Ith′a-ca*), his old home in Greece.

Penelope (*Pen-el′o-pee*), his wife, had had no easy life during the soldier's long absence. She had done her best to keep everything going right, but a troublesome number of wooers (who believed that Ulysses had either died in the war or been drowned on the way home) every day visited her home, insisting that she should marry one of them. They had grown so bold that several of them were actually behaving as if they owned the place—giving orders for grand feasts on the premises, and generally behaving in so insolent a way that poor Penelope hardly knew which way to turn. She wanted none of them, for her heart was her husband's, and she felt sure he would some day come back; meanwhile it was not safe to make her impudent

suitors actually angry. When they urged and demanded that she choose a new husband, she quietly put them off, saying that she could not possibly decide until she should have finished weaving a certain piece of cloth which was then in her loom. That satisfied them after a fashion; for they did not suspect that each night Penelope secretly raveled out the work that she had woven during the day, so that the weaving might keep on forever!

When Ulysses neared home, he disguised himself as a beggar, so as to see for himself the state of affairs. Twenty long years he had been away. His dog, grown so feeble that he could not stand, and lying by the great gate, knew the beloved master and wagged his tail in delighted welcome. Ulysses made short work of clearing out the lazy and ruffianly suitors who had wished to marry Penelope for her riches. The faithful wife had the joy of finding her long-delayed hopes come true. Ulysses was once more safe at home.

HOW SUGAR IS MADE

WHEN the price of sugar fluctuates every American home is affected.

The process by which this universally used commodity is obtained from sugar cane is described by William Joseph Showalter, in a communication to the National Geographic Society, as follows:

"In harvesting, the cane-cutters first strip the blades from the stalk; then they cut off the upper part of the latter, which is worthless except for replanting, since what juice it contains possesses very little sugar. One of the strange things about sugar cane is that the sap of the growing plant has little sugar, while in the mature stalk the juice is rich in sucrose. The action of the sun's rays seems to transform glucose into sucrose—a transformation that cannot be accomplished by human means.

"The main body of the stalk is cut down and loaded into the oxcarts. In these it is hauled to the field station and placed in the waiting cars.

"When the cane reaches the mill in the modern plants, the side of the car swings loose and the load rolls out into a deep trench, at the bottom of which is an endless steel belt.

"On this belt the cane is carried up to the crushing rolls. A man stands before a keyboard, and by pressing the several electric buttons thereon regulates the flow through the crusher, which disrupts all the little sap-cells and releases a great stream of foamy juice. Then the crushed cane is sent through sets of rollers, each time under heavy pressure.

"After the juice is pressed out of the cane it is thoroughly strained and pumped into big tanks at the top of the building, where a milk-of-lime solution is added.

"The mixture is then heated to a degree just above the boiling point. The lime neutralizes the acid in the juice and finds affinities in some of the foreign substances. It pulls these to the bottom and plays the same rôle of purifier in the making of sugar that it plays in the making of iron. The heat causes the other impurities to rise to the surface as scum, so that when this preliminary process is completed in the big settling tanks there is a top layer of froth, a middle layer of clear juice, and a bottom layer of mud-like solid material.

"The clear juice is drawn off and passes through filters of excelsior. It is then pumped to the evaporators, where about half of the water is boiled out of it.

"The next step in the making of sugar is to draw the thick juice into vacuum pans. Here it comes into contact with hot steam coils, and boils. As the boiling proceeds, the sugar crystallizes into grains.

"Finally the vacuum pan becomes full of sugar and mother syrup. The sugar and the syrup are then removed to a centrifugal machine that acts somewhat on the principle of a cream separator. Placed inside a perforated basket and whirled around at from 1,000 to 1,400 revolutions a minute, all of the syrup is forced out through the perforations, while the crystallized sugar remains behind."

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

MIXED WORD-SQUARE

D E E E E E E I N N O O P P R R

Rearrange the above sixteen letters into four words that will form a word square.—*St. Nicholas.*

II

ENIGMA

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 6, 11, 11, is everything.
My 12, 13, 1, 15, is a young horse.
My 4, 14, 10, 1, 9, is a country.
My 5, 8, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My 2, 3, are two of the vowels.
My whole was a famous American authoress.

—*The Beacon.*

III

THREE ANAGRAMS

The letters in each of the three following groups of words may be rearranged so as to form a single word.

What are the three long words?

1. A moment's cure.
2. Cod is nice.
3. It lures a cat. —*St. Nicholas.*

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. The New House: (1) Frame, (2) Floor, (3) Roof, (4) Window, (5) Attic.

II. A Conundrum: Justice.

III. Word Square:

VESTA
EXCEL
SCENE
TENOR
ALERT

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD